

THE
Boston Latin School
REGISTER



The Register

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Humor Number



1932

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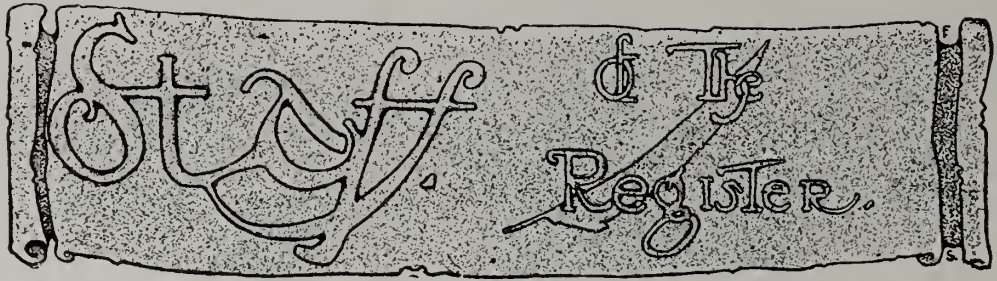
Latin School Register

EDITORIALS

The Issue	4
The Noise in the Back Yard	5
Boston Latin School vs. George Kempfer	5
What's in a Name?	7
Guide to Books on Humor	7
The Math Club Menu.....	<i>Sidney Rosen</i> 7
My Lecture on Einstein's Theory.....	<i>Wilfred Kaplan</i> 8
The Red Ink Situation	<i>John F. Casey, Jr.</i> 10
Ode to the Moon	<i>Richard Odiorne</i> 14
Ramblings of the Register's Raving Reporter.....	<i>Gaynor O'Gorman, Jr.</i> 16
Did You Know That?	<i>R. L. Odiorne</i> 21
Ye Ballade of Ye Game	<i>Sidney Rosen</i> 22
A Lay of Ancient Rome	23

SPORTS

Danger, R. R.	<i>Gaynor O'Gorman, Jr.</i> 24
Omnes Rideamus	32



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THE ISSUE

Doctor Johnson has defined humor as "the interentwining of the uninter-entwinable in a conosyllabification calculated to tickle the bonus funifunifus." That is the explanation of this number of the *Register*. We have searched for the abnormal, the subnormal, and what is even stranger, the normal—as it has appeared in Latin School during the year.

It was very, very hard to find anything incongruous about the school. Here and there we found an idea or a book, or perhaps a declamation that was a few hundred years out of place, but never anything radically out of joint. Accordingly we have had recourse to the well-known monstrosities of the school. Of jokes alone is the otherwise universal adage never true that "even this shall pass away."

We reviewed the standard stories: of the teachers' declamation of 1894, in which only one piece was recited; of the orchestra riot of 1918 against the prohibition of German music, in which even the headmaster took sides; and of that heroic football game of 1868 played between the Math Club and the Chess Club, resulting in a stalemate, all factors cancelling out.

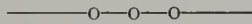
But of these little could be found that was not already well-known. Some of it has been printed, and that supplemented by various imaginings and poetic conceptions.

THE NOISE IN THE BACK YARD

It is time that we shed a bitter tear at the passing of the stout and battered rear wall of the school. In our hurrying, scampering through our oh, so hasty lives, we have scarcely thought of that monumental edifice.

Yet, who cannot be moved by the gaping, bottomless abyss, which is opening its jaws ready to receive the fated morsel? The *Register*, which has leaned on that trusty wall for many a day, can but mourn with the rest. We can only hope that the new, which is to take its position a few hundred yards down, can carry the standard as high.

In fair justice to the dying structure we have gained a few last impressions of its vertebral structure through an interview with the chief grave-digger, the "man with the big hoe."

THE CASE OF THE BOSTON LATIN SCHOOL VS. GEORGE KEMPFER
ET AL

The first case on the docket this morning is that wherein George Kempfer of Chelsea, Massachusetts, is the defendant in a suit brought by the Public Latin School of Boston in the county of Suffolk ss., alleging an unnecessary and unmitigated nuisance and petitioning that this court pass sentence on said George Kempfer . . .

If it please your Honour, my client, George Kempfer, is not a wicked man; he is, on the other hand, a model citizen and a paragon of virtues. He would not think of wearing a straw hat before the fifteenth of May or of smoking anything other than a Certified Cremona cigar, he never neglects to wear his rubbers when the weather is inclement or to brush his teeth before retiring for the night. He is one of the strictest observers of the Eighteenth Amendment that have come under my observation and he says that he has never knowingly broken a traffic regulation. This, therefore, is the first occasion on which he has been in a courtroom; surely he is not what one could call an habitual offender . . .

Consider the extenuating circumstances in this case, your Honor; at the tender age of thirteen years he was forced to secure some sort of work, in order that he might have a means of livelihood. His first job was that of fireman on a steam shovel, and ever since that time, for over a quarter of a century he has worked at his chosen profession. For seventeen long years he worked on steam shovels and for the last eight years he has worked on one of the gas shovels which figure so prominently in this case.

He has worked on such projects as the dry dock at St. John's, New Brunswick, which is reported to be the largest dry dock in the world; the Sault Ste. Marie canal; and more recently on the United Shoe Machinery Building, and the Christian Science addition, to mention only a few.

He has but this one besetting sin—that of playing with an un-oiled and unmuffled shovel—and this is the logical and inevitable outcome of the long years he has spent at this work. He informs me that so strong has the steam shovel habit become that he sometimes wakes up at night to find himself perspiring freely and tugging at the bed post, thinking in his delirium that it is one of the

gadgets on his beloved shovel. Such a strong hold has this monomania on him that he cannot be held entirely accountable for his actions; I wish, therefore, to enter the plea of "*non compos mentis*", and I beg your Honour for mercy. Remember "The quality of mercy is not strained . . . It is mightiest in the mighty; it becometh the throned monarch better than his crown" . . . (The counsel for the defense rests his case.)

* * * * *

Your Honor, I am here to represent the interests of the Boston Latin School; they have retained me as their counsel in this suit of damages against the defendant, George Kempfer. The counsel for the defense states that George Kempfer is not to be held accountable for his actions; that may be so, but the point that I want to bring to your attention is the fact that he has some extraordinary lucid moments for a man who is supposed to be a little, er, how shall I say it?—"balmy." For it has been testified by the Register's Raving Reporter, one of the plaintiff's witnesses, that when Kempfer was told that the racket he was making was so terrific that it was impossible to hear yourself think in the rooms adjacent to the scene of the digging operations, that he grinned an unearthly grin and replied that perhaps that was for the best, after all. It has further been testified that he has refused to put a muffler on his exhaust, because in his opinion it "wasn't worth the bother"; further he has refused to do anything in the way of greasing or oiling his machine to reduce the noise to a minimum. Your Honor, I demand justice for my client; is America to become the defenseless victim of such men as this? Is this court going to decree it lawful to disturb the peace and shatter the very air with this horrible noise? In the interests of the community as well as of my client I demand that some amends be made for the inconvenience, to say the least resulting from this man's monomania . . . I rest my case.

* * * * *

George Kempfer, rise and face the judge . . . In passing sentence on you, George Kempfer, we have listened impartially to the testimony of all the witnesses as well as to any other evidence that may have been brought before us that had bearing on this case, and in passing judgment on you in accordance with the power vested in me under Chapter Section of the General Laws of Massachusetts, I keep in mind the extenuating circumstances in your case and yet I can do nothing less than find you guilty of the alleged charge, for it has been my experience that it is far better to treat these cases with all the severity that may be lawfully brought to bear, in order that the example of one may serve as a deterrent to others . . . Thirty days and thirty dollars!! . . . Next case . . .

Gaynor O'Gorman, Jr.

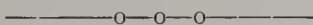


WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Gaynor O'Gorman, Jr., G. O'Gorman, Jr., G. O'G., Jr., Gaynor O'Gorman, Jr., G. O'Gorman, Jr., G. O'G., Jr. '32, Gaynor O'Gorman, Jr. '32, G. O'Gorman, Jr. '32, Gaynor O'Gorman, Jr., Gaynor O'Gorman, Jr., G. O'G., Jr. '32, Gaynor O'Gorman, Jr., G. O'Gorman, Jr. '32, Gaynor O'Gorman, Jr., G. O'G., Jr. '32, Gaynor O'Gorman, Jr.

There may be a few of these signatures, which ought to be familiar enough to you by this time, missing from some of the articles in this issue. Please distribute them at your own discretion.

THE EDITORS.



GUIDE TO BOOKS ON HUMOR.

Essays

Ade's *Fables in Slang*
 Benchley's *Of All Things*
 Brook's *Journeys to Bagdad*
 Leacock's *Literary Lapses*
 Milne's *Not That It Matters*
 Morley's *Mince Pie*
 Strunsky's *Belshazzar Court*

Short Stories

Bunner's *Short Sixes*
 Chesterton's *Tales of the Long Bow*
 Cobb's *Old Judge Priest*
 Cohen's *Polished Ebony*
 Ferber's *Roast Beef Medium*
 Fitch's *At Old Sixash*
 Flandrau's *Harvard Episodes*
 Jacob's *Captains All*
 Lardner's *Round-Up*

Stephens' *Paul Bunyan Stories*

Tarkington's *Penrod*

Longer Fiction

Aldrich's *Story of a Bad Boy*
 Belloc's *Mr. Petre*
 Cervantes' *Adventures of Don Quixote*
 Chesterton's *The Man Who Was Thursday*

Clemens' *A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court*

Daudet's *Tartan of Tarascon*

De La Mare's *Memoirs of a Midget*

Dickens' *Pickwick Papers*

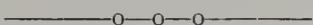
Kipling's *Stalky and Company*

Locke's *Septimus*

Stockton's *The Casting Away of Mrs.*

Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine

Tarkington's *Seventeen*



THE MATH CLUB MENU

Take a little dash of Einstein,
 Mix it with some Sir James Jeans,
 Add a sniff of analytic—
 Serve with algebra and beans.
 Then a cold souffle of solid,
 Followed by a cup of "trig."
 Add a drop of "math" induction—
 Serve with lettuce and a fig.
 Then a bite of fourth dimension,
 Of some roots the origin—
 Pour fini—a parabolic—
 Then:
 For your headache—aspirin!

Sidney Rosen.



THE LATIN SCHOOL REGISTER

My Lecture on Einstein's Theory.

By WILFRED KAPLAN, '32

Until a few years ago I had never heard of Einstein, or of his inestimable work for science. Then some one very kindly explained his ideas to me. At first it confused me quite a bit, but I came to understand it. But what good was it to understand, when no one else in the world (beyond six unapproachable individuals) could talk sensibly about it with me?

But I had to use the knowledge. Accordingly, as there was a demand for short stories in the *Register*, I incorporated what I knew of Einstein into the stories which I submitted. It was simple enough to substitute a character for x , another for y all the way through.

The result was startling. People came to me and told me that they did not understand my stories, that their logic was incomprehensible. "Of course," I said, "Only seven people in the world understand that logic." And if Einstein was being honored with degrees and political offices by writing for an audience of six, couldn't I do the same?

One day I came to school and saw a magnificent fresco on the corridor wall. It was evidently a reproduction of an ancient knightly insignia. The lettering was beautifully done. I was about to

walk away when someone remarked, "Look, Willy Kaplan is going to lecture on Einstein. We really must go."

What was this? I was to lecture on my beloved theory, and reveal the symbols which only seven people knew? The two boys who were discussing the matter behind me seemed to be looking at the wall, right at the knightly inscription.

Suddenly it flashed on me, even as the impossibility of trisecting an angle was wont to flash on me. There, as if concealed in a crossword puzzle, was my picture, touched up, of course by some artistic photographer. There I was, with an ethereal, passionately devout, but, oh so natural and becoming an expression on my face. But what made them think that I was going to lecture on Einstein?

"Who says I am?" I roared at the two.

In a few minutes they had explained the inscription to me. A large crowd had gathered meanwhile, and listened inquisitively to my questions.

"Hm, hm. So. On Einstein, eh? Which theory was it now?"

"Space-time."

"Yes. That sounds right. Space what?"

"Space-time."

"Time. Oh, yes, of course. Time. Time. The fourth convention, isn't it?"

The bell rang then, and I hurried off. So, within a week the world would know it all.

* * *

The night before the event I studied hard and long. Before I did any reading on the subject, I prepared myself a long and careful outline of what I knew. I felt quite capable from the start of explaining the ideas.

I knew that the subject had to be kept within limits, so I looked for a brief summary of the theory. I found what seemed to be a perfect one in a handsome little pocket dictionary. I looked up *relativity*. There was the word, and beside it a picture. The picture showed a queer blotch looking something like a log, except that from its head projected some queer octopus-like antennae.

I glanced quickly through my notes to see if I could find any reference to this queer animal.

"Ha!" I cried. "Straight lines are really curves, shooting from one's eyes in an elliptical path." Of course I wasn't exactly sure of what that meant, but at least it explained the picture. The idea must have been to show the lines shooting from the eyes—but why of a dog?"

"Pa," I said, "what has this to do with relativity?"

"That," he said, "is a reindeer."

Well, why in the world couldn't they print it in straight lines? But then I thought, "A straight line is a curved line . . .," and grew silent.

That was enough of pocket dictionaries. I took out the biggest book I could find, which was the Encyclopedia Britannica, and burrowed there for a while.

When I went to bed, I had completely lost all conception of relativity. What was to happen on the morrow?

* * *

At about one minute to nine the next morning, just before the Biblical chant, an idea struck me. I grabbed for the first piece of paper I could find, which was an egg-box. On this I drew pictures for a minute, and things began to clear up.

At 2:30 I rushed to room 317, and awaited my turn. After a short but sufficient introduction to mathematical induction, my time came. I allowed myself twenty-five minutes to complete the job.

Within five minutes I had covered the boards with lines. These were to be the basis of my ideas, for the argument was that a straight line is a curved line.

For the next twenty minutes I talked rapidly. There was not a sound from the audience. I had them spellbound. But at the end of the time I had proceeded nowhere. I tried to persuade myself that I had proved my point.

"Then a straight line is curved," I said. "Does any one doubt it?"

From the audience not a sound. Conquest. Success.

Suddenly the doubt which had been rising in my mind for the past few days rose to a climax. I did not believe it myself.

My passion overcame me. "Well," I cried, "I doubt it."

From the audience not a sound. Were they in a trance?

"Of course I agree with you," said the gentleman in white trousers who sat directly in front of me.

He was a most peculiar fellow. I think he had spent all the time up to that moment in engraving his initials on the desk; and, now that I think of it, he was remarkably adept at that.

"Could you kindly explain yourself?" I asked.

"Certainly," he said, and went on to do so. Gradually he turned from me to

the rest of the club, and I slunk off, unnoticed, to a rear seat.

As he talked, interest seemed to spring up magically from the members. Question after question was fired at the gentleman in white. How well he knew his subject! ("And all I had ever learned was to add and subtract without a slide rule," he remarked to me later.)

But this wasn't fair. "What do you mean by a straight line?" I asked him.

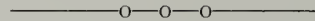
"What a question!" he snorted. "What has that to do with the subject?"

Amid hisses, I sat down.

Once again I tried my luck with a question.

"What do you mean by a curved line?" I asked.

The reception of that innocent query decided me. I handed the member next to me a piece of paper and left the room. The piece of paper was my resignation.



A STUDY OF THE RED INK SITUATION

A PLEA FOR CONSERVATION

By JOHN F. CASEY, JR.

It has been pointed out by that sterling economist, Mr. Edward Cantor,¹ that the Red Ink Industry is the one industry that has been progressing in spite of the Depression. However, all of the great financial writers and economists, including Mr. Cantor, have failed to note the danger of a shortage and the need for conservation of our red ink supply. Since I read Mr. Cantor's article, this danger has become apparent to me; and, after extensive research, I have failed to find that any of our government officials are awake to the impending disaster.

In a letter to The Department of Commerce, I pointed out that during the war and other critical periods in the history of our country, committees have been appointed to care for the shortages in coal, sugar, bread, and other supplies. Would it not be well for them to conserve the supply of red ink before it becomes exhausted?

Thoroughly alive to the situation, now that it had been called to their attention, they appointed the Honorable Wilburhard G. Whiffelhoof, Jr., Thirty-Second Assistant Secretary of Commerce, to look into the matter, and to see what

could be done to prevent the threatened calamity. That Mr. Whiffelhoof has worked hard at his task may be seen by reading the appended letter which shows his plan of campaign.

Let me give you a few facts in regard to the Red Ink Industry. The first mention I can find in literature concerning red ink is in the book of Adolphus Knophus.² To quote Knophus:³ "One night shortly after his return from his first trip to the Western Hemisphere, Columbus was talking to King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella.

"Finance another trip?" asked Ferdinand.

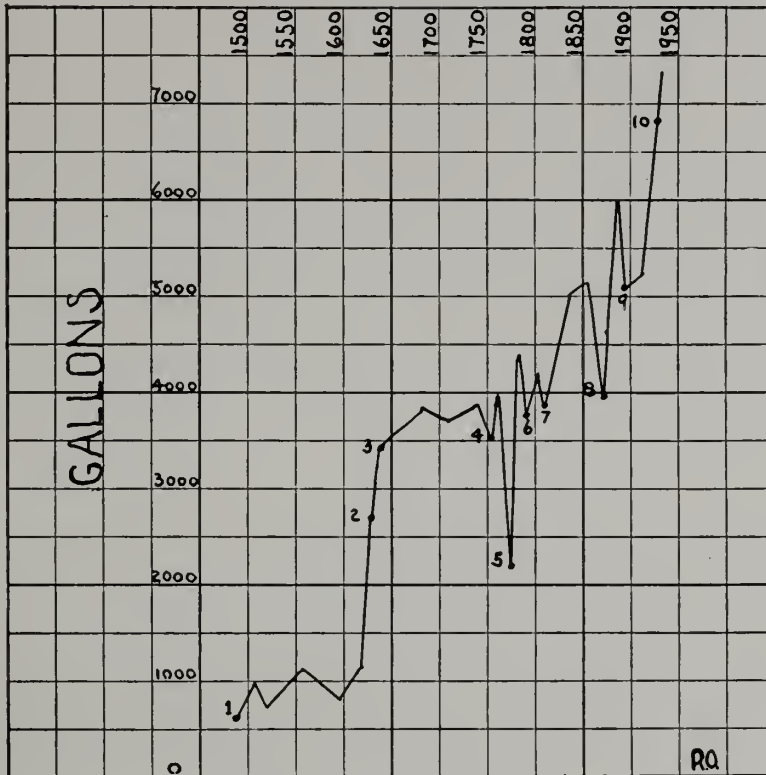
"What was the gate on the first?" inquired the Queen.

"Very little," replied Chris. "We sold the wood-cut rights to a syndicate, and Roderique Curnivino, the second mate on the Pinta, turned in a little bit after taking the Indians on a vaudeville tour. However, the expenses were so heavy that we did not make much. I wrote a book on the expedition, but it is not out yet. I am sorry Your Majesty, but I am forced to admit—WE ARE IN THE RED."⁴

Probably the most efficient manner in which the rise and fall of the Red Ink Industry can be conveyed to you is by a graph.

This graph shows plainly the impor-

tant leaks in the Red Ink Industry, and the letter following which Mr. Powers may expect to receive any day, demonstrates that the situation will be safe in the hands of Mr. Whiffelhoof.



1. 1492—Beginning of the Red Ink Industry.
2. 1635—Boston Latin School opened.
3. 1636—Harvard College opened.
4. 1753—Panic due to French and Indian Wars.
5. 1775—Latin School closed because of war.
6. 1793—Depression following Revolutionary War.
7. 1815—Panic at close of Napoleonic Wars.
8. 1866—Depression after Civil War.
9. 1890—Panic following heavy speculation.
10. 1930—Acute depression beginning at the end of 1929 and still going strong.

Department of Commerce.

WILBUR G. WHIFFELHOOF, JR.

32nd Assistant Secretary

Washington, D. C.

Mr. Joseph Powers,
Boston Public Latin School,
Avenue Louis Pasteur,
Boston, Massachusetts.

Dear Sir:

It has recently been called to the attention of the Department of Commerce that the extensive usage of red ink during the period from 1929 to date threatens the supply of this commodity. The Department of Commerce appointed me to make an investigation of the Industry and, if conditions warranted, to conserve the supply.

I have called to my aid several economists of note as well as the biggest business men of the country. An intensive study of the Industry has brought out the astonishing and little realized fact that the schools of our country are among the largest users of red ink. I might state that Boston Latin School heads the list.

In order to correct the deplorable condition of the Red Ink Industry and to prevent further depletion of the supply, this department is carrying on a campaign for conservation. Various circulars are to be distributed outlining special methods to be used for the conservation of red ink.

I am enclosing Circular Twelve B, which specifies the methods of conservation to be used in schools and colleges. Later, probably in June, you will receive copies of our posters, slogans, etc., for use in the campaign.

This campaign will be headed by the slogan, "LET JUNE BE RED INK CONSERVATION MONTH." A sufficient supply of very distinctive mottoes printed in black on a gold background will be sent, so that every teacher may have one to hang in his home. This motto will be our chief campaign slogan and will read, "WRITE IT IN BLACK."

I am sure, Mr. Powers, that you will feel it our patriotic duty to impress upon your teachers the importance of following out the rules and regulations laid down in this circular.

Very truly yours,

WILBURHARD G. WHIFFELHOOF, JR.

32nd Secretary of Commerce.

LET JUNE BE RED INK CONSERVATION MONTH

CIRCULAR TWELVE B

FOR USE IN SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES

United States Dept. of Commerce
Wilburhard G. Whiffelhoof, Jr.
32nd Assistant Secretary of Commerce
Chairman of the Committee in Charge of Red Ink Conservation.

As a result of the studies of our Committee, the Department finds it necessary to make the following rules and regulations in order to conserve the red ink supply:

1. For pupils receiving marks of zero: it is recommended that the space on the report card be left empty.
2. For pupils receiving marks between one and thirty: In these cases, it is advisable to start right away to put the pupil on a full diet of fish⁵ in order that his brain may be activated so that by June his marks may be written in black.
3. For pupils receiving marks between 30 and 45: In these cases, we advise the following procedure: Divide the mark by the square root of $2x$, eliminate the x , multiply the result by either 2, 4, 6, or 8, as the case may require.
4. For pupils receiving between 45 and 50: In these cases, we advise adding 1, 2, 3, 4, or 5, as necessary to obtain the passing grade.

The Committee feels that there is no more patriotic body of citizens in the country than the teachers of our schools. We feel sure that we shall have the full co-operation of the teachers in this matter.

Signed by the Committee,

WILBURHARD G. WHIFFELHOOF, JR.

Chairman.

The circular and letter explain the situation as it now stands.

Remember, Teachers, Be Patriotic!

WRITE IT IN BLACK!

1. "Yoo-Hoo, Prosperity," Eddie Cantor and David Freeman, *Saturday Evening Post*, Aug. 15, 1931.
2. *A Night of Columbus*, Adolphus Knophus, Big Brown Co. 1512.
3. The reader will have difficulty in verifying this reference as, due to the depression, the only copy extant was in Joe Golsok's pawn shop, and I have just received word from Joe, as we went to press, that his establishment burned down yesterday.
4. Capitals—the Author's.
5. The Department of Agriculture has proved conclusively that fish is a brain food. Also, this plan of feeding these pupils fish will increase the sale of fish, and raise that industry out of the "red."

ODE TO THE MOON

RICHARD L. ODIORNE, '32

The wind was a torrent of darkness among the gusty trees;
The stars were clusters of diamonds tossed upon cloudy seas;
The street was a long line of headlights, all racing fast and hard.
And the dear old Moon came driving,
Driving, driving,

The rickety Moon came driving, into the Shell-gas yard.
The left headlight wasn't going and the tires were nearly flat,
The top was hanging over the side, but there the brave driver sat.
The exhaust was emitting clouds of smoke; the motor was throwing oil,
And she rode with a terrible banging,
Her cylinders all a-whanging,

The springs and bolts a-clanging, the water all ready to boil.
Over the curbstone she clattered, the trusty old piece of junk,
And the driver could hardly stop her, for the brakes were exceedingly punk.
He honked the faithful fog-horn, but all it could give was a wail,
And the gas-station boy came trotting,
Trotting, trotting,

The uniformed boy came trotting, carrying with him a pail.
"Three gallons will be enough, I guess; I'm putting 'er up pretty soon,
As soon as it gets colder. What kind is it? A Moon.
Yeah. It used to be a real good car, a model of '24.
She'd once get fifteen to a gallon,
Sometimes eighteen to a gallon,

Then only some ten to a gallon, but she can't do that any more.
"I've driven her up in the mountains, and I've driven her down in Maine,
She's been through all kinds of weather from snow and sleet to rain.
And to figure it out, for repairs, I haven't spent such a lot:
Now and then four bucks for the timing,
Just six or eight bucks for the timing,

Some eight or ten bucks for the timing (the distributor wasn't so hot.)
"I've had all kinds of repairing done—better give 'er two quarts of oil—
Yeah, they've fixed the brakes and the gasket, the springs, the plugs and the coil.
Repairmen have worked on the darned old thing, time and time again,
Taking apart the motor,
Fiddling over the motor,

Jacking up the motor, and finishing Lord knows when.
"One time on the road to North Woodstock, we had just passed Nashua.
We were roaring along at thirty, the motor was humming away.
Past the windshield the wind was rushing, the car bounding over the hills,
When all of a sudden it happened,
The frightful catastrophe happened,

The unspeakable mishap happened. We knew what it meant: more bills!

"Knock-knock—Knock-knock—from the motor, from the pistons ringing clear,
Knock-knock—Knock-knock, and she faltered, were we deaf that we did not hear?
Along the blue winding roadway, over the crest of the pass
The dear old Moon came driving,

Driving, driving,

The hard-worked Moon came hobbling, and still we stepped on the gas.
"As luck would have it, we reached a place that displayed the sign: 'Repair.'
The fellow, however, that ran the place should have used something like 'Beware.'
He worked a long time on the motor and told us he'd fixed it 'fine,'
So we started out for Concord,

We struggled along to Concord,

But we didn't get to Concord until after half past nine.
"And there we heard of a fellow, an Italian, Giovanni by name,
He knew how to fix old cars, they said. He'd been for years in the game.
When we told him the story, he simply said,
'I give you more speed, more power.'
Not long 'fore he had her sputtering,

Rattling, rattling

And soon the old thing was roaring, in less than half an hour.
"‘We see how she go,’ he announced, as he took the driver's seat.
With a sudden din from the motor, we dashed out into the street.
While gliding along at sixty, a speed never gone before,
He said ‘Want to go any faster?’

Did we think she could go any faster!

We certainly feared a disaster, for the car couldn't stand much more.
"Now I'd better be sliding along, I guess—just want to give her a crank?
The starter will hardly move her, and there's a leak in the vacuum tank.
Thanks." In a moment the engine was clanking, steaming hard and fast.
Into the street she went puffing,

Puffing, puffing,

Into the traffic a-puffing, on the journey to be her last.
That night the unforeseen happened. Had Destiny not held sway,
You might find the old bus rusting in some musty junk-yard today.
But just as we crossed the top of the hill on our dreary trip home that night,
A high-powered car came hurtling,

Speeding, speeding,

And quick as a flash, to avoid it, we swung toward the cliff on the right.
Impossible now to stop her, nothing to save her now.
And just before she went over the edge, we managed to jump, and how!
Only a moment she hung on the edge, hesitating there.
Then into the quarry went bounding,

Bounding, bounding,

With the sides of the quarry resounding, as we offered up a prayer.
And though we'll have cars in the future with power and speed and pep,
That are light and new and streamline, so you can really "step,"
Cars that don't cause a lot of expense for repairs and oil and gas
She'll hold a place in our memory

She'll always remain in our memory

In our hearts we'll keep the memory of dear old "Peppersass."

RAMBLINGS OF THE REGISTER'S RAVING REPORTER

March 7.

If you will please excuse the diction, this anonymity business is a lot of hooey. We have always thought that the lowest snake in the grass was the fellow who spent his time writing letters to the newspapers

signed "A friend." If you have anything to say, don't be afraid to let people know that it's you who is saying it. And that, gentlemen (and otherwise), is why your correspondent has signed his name at the end of this column. The Literary Club met in the Library at 2:30 under the auspices of Mr. Callanan, and a discussion of Willa Cather and her books ensued. . . . Oh, if only Miss Cather could have been there, for she would have learned things about herself which she never dreamed of.

March 8. The Math Club convened today. Elsewhere in this periodical you will find a poem written by the Staff Poet, which was brought on (poems "come on" something like scarlet fever or the whooping cough) by attending this meeting. We heartily agree with everything Mr. Rosen says; we'll even go him one further and give as our advised opinion that the only one in the club who knows what he's talking about is Mr. Doyle (and possibly, though we're not sure, Kaplan and Odiorne, Editor-in-chief and Managing Editor respectively). The rest of the members talk about "in-



commensurables" (cf. Mr. Faxon) and roll their eyes knowingly, but they really don't know enough to come in out of the rain.

March 9. But for one dreadful (in its true sense, Mr. Hobbs) and entirely unprecedented thing, this day would have been a perfect day. However, when we got to Latin class, Mr. Winslow called on us to recite, and, *mirabile dictu*, we hadn't done just that part of the home lesson we were called on to recite.

March 10. The Senior Debating Club held trials for the Norwood and Brown debates today. I'll tell you a better joke about those fortunate enough to make the teams.

March 11. The Chess and Checker Team has decided on their uniforms for the coming season. They are purple and white (which soon becomes a little gray after one wearing) and are made of taffeta. When asked to make some comment on the design of the uniforms, which look like a cross between a football uniform and a jockey's outfit, the immortal Schultz replied, "Oh, Mr. Zilch!"

March 12. We put this in merely to fill up space because, as we discovered later, March 12th was Saturday and there was no school.

March 14. The president of the Stamp Club (we're not sure whether he rates capitals or not) requested us about a month ago to announce that the Stamp Club was going to give an exhibition of stamps in the Library. We don't know whether the exhibition is still running or not, but there's your publicity, Mr. Waldman. The exhibition was also to include a demonstration of five different ways to make use of a used stamp.

March 15. The Chess and Checker Club, otherwise known as the Cheese and Cracker Club (hence the password "Cheese it!") defeated the strong team

which Huntington sent against them by the narrow margin of 3 to 2. Three cheers for Jacobstein (304); he was the boy that saved the day for Latin School.

. . . The Math Club met once more. . . . There was also a meeting of Class I, which was about as orderly, quiet, and peaceful as a Democratic Convention.

March 16. Mr. Quinn's proteges—need we elucidate further?—the Stamp Club, met today.

March 17. If you were blind in one eye and couldn't see out of the other, still you would have been conscious that March seventeenth was St. Patrick's Day. The colors of those green neckties were so loud that you could hear them. Nobody had the temerity to wear an orange cravat. There was an assembly of Class III today; and appropriately enough, it was Mr. Fred O'Brien who addressed them. We don't know what he had to say, but from past experience we are sure that it was interestingly and amusingly said.

March 18. After the sunshine comes the storm. . . . That hasn't been used as the theme of a popular song as yet; but it is nevertheless true. The point that we are trying to make is that Public "Dec" was observed today with all its ceremonies, and Classes I and II attended it. I (excuse the ego, please) honestly believe that 90% of the boys would rather go to Latin and Physics class than to Public Declamation. If it is of any interest to you, the Chess and Checker Team is now made up of Scholnick, Schultz, Jacobstein, Garte, Brogna, and Lax.

March 21. The meeting of the Literary Club today was addressed by one of our more recent alumni, Mr. Grover Jeremiah Cronin, Jr., the one time Business Manager and Associate Editor of the *Register*. After spending a few minutes in telling the club how honored he felt (blah, blah, etc.) he began a lengthy

discussion of his topic "Greek Drama." [Lexicographer's Note: The word "drama" is pronounced as though the first syllable were spelled "dray."]

March 22. It must be monotonous—at least, it seems so to us—to see written against the Tuesday of each and every week "The Math Club met today"; so this time we'll leave it out, 'tho it did meet.

March 23. Lest the undergraduates think for a moment that the Board of Editors is composed entirely of "pan-sies," we venture to recount this little incident. At 2:30 the *Register* staff convened in the Sanctum Sanctorum in order to make ready to distribute the Golden Jubilee Issue on the following day. All was serene until a little tiff arose over the propriety of the Sports Editor's having more than one copy. Gradually party feeling on both sides grew stronger and more strained, and at last a tussle ensued. For a few minutes all indulged in this most harmless of pastimes, but after a while all other activity was stopped in order better to watch the fisticuffs, not to say the catch-as-catch-can that ensued between Harris and Kaplan. Up and down they fought; first one was on top, and then the other. Down the corridor they rolled, forgetful of everything except the thing in hand, i.e., each other's hair, until who should turn the corner, attracted by their billing and cooing, but Mr. Cannell? In a voice which only a man like Mr. Cannell could use, he inquired, "Here, what are you boys doing?" and then without waiting for an answer, "Get along out of the building." Needless to say, festivities were stopped at once, and the contestants parted—the question still unsettled, thankful that it had been Mr. Cannell who had surprised them.

March 24. Speaking of Math teachers, a word about Mr. Faxon might not be out of place here. Apprehending "Red"

D—b—n in the act of masticating (is that the term?) a piece of gum today, he instructed him in a stern tone to put it in the basket, though he said that he was "glad to see D—b—n doing some work." D—b—n did as he was bidden with a show of alacrity which is unusual for him. When we stop to meditate, we can visualize what would have happened if other masters had observed D—b—n in the act of chewing gum. Mr. Winslow would have told him to put it in the basket and would not have failed to remind him that he could, and he so wished it, retrieve the gum at 2:30; and Mr. Shea would have likewise requested the disposition of the gum in the wastepaper basket, but unlike Mr. Faxon and Mr. Winslow, he would have launched into a dissertation on the benefits accruing to a bovine from chewing her cud and to a human from chewing gum. Shades of Mr. Wrigley!!!

March 25. GOOD FRIDAY—NO SCHOOL.

March 28. Never shall we think of March 28, 1932 without recalling to mind at the same time a sketch written last year by a well-meaning member of the *Register* Staff. It had for its title the single word "RAIN"; it certainly rained today. School, for "those whose feet were wet," was called off at 10:30 and for the entire school at 1:45. It was truly amusing to see those who had arrived at school in the comfort of the family limousine, walk out of the classroom because of "wet feet." (Perhaps they had cold feet.) We are informed that classes were transferred to the Paramount Theatre on Washington Street and that Mr. Glover later took attendance in the first balcony of the Metropolitan Theatre.

March 29. It cuts us to the quick to announce that there was no meeting of the Math Club today. *Deo gratias.*

March 30. We hope that you have seen that stamp club Exhibition in the

Library; this makes it the fifth time that the president of the stamp club has reminded us to print a notice about it; as if he couldn't trust our memory. Just for that, we didn't give the stamp club any capitals.

March 31. There was a meeting of the Debating Club which we did not attend today.

April Fool's Day—This day has been solemnly dedicated to, and set aside for doing honor to the memory of the *Register's* Raving Reporter.

REQUIESCAT IN PACE!

April 4. Since the beginning of the year, we have assumed the thankless job of Exchange Editor, and though at times the task of reading and answering all of our multitudinous exchanges has hardly seemed worthwhile, we cheer up again when we read things like the following, which are more or less typical of some of our exchanges:

"The skipper spat down the engine-room ventilators and stopped the engines."

" 'Heavens, I'm thirty,' she said, 'Please get me a drink.' "

"Our 'ETERNA' fountain pen is a revolting invention."

"Not being overly bright mentally, the judge used clemency."

"Charles Sales went to Kansas City to meet his wife his wife his wife his wife his wife his wifezzzjdgwihymETAOIN."

(That last chap must have been a glutton for punishment).

April 5. The Math Club was at home to visitors in Room 317 at 2:30 today . . . After attending these meetings faithfully all year, we have at last discovered that you can't add on a slide rule, but that's about the only thing you can't do with one. You can multiply, eat spaghetti, prepare a seven course dinner for six people and, in a pinch, you can draw a straight line.

April 6. The Graduating Class held a meeting in the Assembly Hall at 12:05 to-day. It was attended with the usual calm, serenity, and air of placid self-containment (*vide* Mr. Shea) which makes these occasions one of the outstanding features of the school. After listening to a stirring, not to say touching, address by President J. Harvey McInerney, we went out to the corner drug store and mailed one of those coupons that advertise, "They snickered when I got up to speak, but soon I had them yelling for more."

April 7. You remember that earlier in these pages we said that we knew a good joke on the Debating Team? . . . Well, here it is—they were beaten to-day by a team of girls representing Girls' High School. (We have the names of the young ladies on file, but they're not for publication; ask Freedberg (303) for them). The question was Mr. Roland's favorite one: "Compulsory Unemployment Insurance." This is the second time that our teams have been defeated by girls—the first time on an occasion when we were unfortunate enough to have been one of the contributing causes—so let's give these girls a big hand!

April 8. The Chess and Checker Club profaned the classical sanctity of Room 301 with their weekly meeting to-day. An exchange from the Somerville High School RADIATOR says that "the REGISTER is a magazine of which the Boston Latin School should feel proud" . . . We know that you all feel that way about it, don't you? Oh, yeah?

April 11. An English Professor at Harvard University states that the average human weighing 140 pounds is composed of enough water to fill a ten gallon barrel, enough fat to make ten cakes of soap, enough phosphorous for 2200 match heads, enough magnesium for one dose of salts, enough carbon for 9000 lead

pencils, enough iron for one small nail, enough sulphur to rid one dog of fleas, and enough lime to whitewash a chicken coop, (small).

And having figured up the value of these raw products at the current market prices (unless the depression is over by now), we have calculated that each one who reads this page is worth about 16.5c.

April 12. One of our snooping spies has just called the following gem printed below to our attention; it was circulated around the school yesterday:

"The *gentleman* who borrowed the gimlet from Mr. Faxon will please return it to the Secretary as soon as possible. Hereafter, Masters wishing to get stove bolts and washers to repair *tipsy* desks will send to the office for them."

What is a gimlet, anyway? . . . And why can't Mr. Faxon take care of it himself or is he too busy "gimletting" out zeros? "*Tipsy*" desks in the Latin School!!! Surely it is an unheard of thing for desks to become inebriated, especially in the staid, severe and sober Latin School. We have put our gimlet-eyed detective "Colonel Stoopnagle" Schultz to work on this baffling case.

April 14. The Debating Club has not as yet recovered from the beating they received at the hands of the Amazons from Girls' High School last Thursday. It has been suggested that the pseudonym "Flossie" be conferred upon our Business Manager, Sydney J. Freedberg, who also happens to be Captain of the Debating Team . . . All in favor say "aye" . . . The ayes have it.

April 15. Class Day and Anniversary Day, April 15, 1932. The Graduating (?) Class had its short hour of joy to-day when it was excused from all recitations and did not have to report until 12:25 while school went on as usual for the other classes. From force of habit, however, some of the boys arrived at

school punctually at nine o'clock, and the great majority of them were in school long before the appointed time . . . Let us hope and pray that that same "force of habit" will not bring any of the members of the class of '32 back to school next September.

April 18-April 22. Spring Recess.

April 25. As a well-known entertainer might say: "Hello, suckers; welcome back to school." Mr. Dunn had informed us that the glass in the exhibition cabinet which the Stamp Club has been using to display its treasures had been broken by vandals and when we investigated we found such to be the case. One corner of the top pane had a crack stretching from side to side. The miscreant is one Herbert Papprikakas, who when interviewed said that the blame was not his alone; for he was not entirely responsible for the tragedy, since a boy in the fifth row of the crowd that was pressing and milling around the philatelic trophies pushed him.

April 26. There was an Assembly of Classes I and II to-day. A gentleman named Wildes, who is a member of the Faculty of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, addressed the gathering; and ever since that time, whenever anybody makes an arithmetical "*faux pas*" in Physics Class, Mr. Shea exclaims gleefully, "And some of you are going to Tech!"

April 27. Are yuh lis'nin'? Not being able to restrain our curiosity any longer, we secured permission from Mr. Powers and went out to interview the operator of one of the gas-shovels to-day. It is printed elsewhere in this magazine. . . We hope you'll like it!

April 28. The REGISTER's Raving Reporter was absent from school to-day, but we can guess what happened pretty accurately. The Debating Club probably held a "post mortem" in Room 102 to console themselves over their most recent defeat—that at the hands of Brown, 1935, in a return debate on "Compulsory Unemployment Insurance." Don't bother telling us, if we're wrong, because we don't give a "hoot", anyway. As you may have been told already, the Dramatic Club will not give the scheduled performance of the "Haunted House" by Owen Davis; this eleventh hour decision is occasioned by the alterations soon (if they have not already begun) to be performed on the Assembly Hall.

April 29. Prize Contributions were due to-day. . . If you didn't pass yours in, don't bother now, because it's just a bit too late. There was a meeting of the First Class in the Assembly Hall to-day.

And now in paraphrase of the unfortunate feline who stepped in the path of a mowing machine, this is the end of my tale; so the time has come to say "Good-by."

CHEERIO!

Maynor O'Horman, Jr.

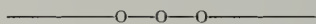
DID YOU KNOW THAT?

There will soon be installed in the Assembly Hall an escalator to take the declaimers on and off the stage. This is to prevent this none too sure-footed species of Latin School boy from being exterminated by falling, tripping, stumbling, diving, etc., on the stairs. Mr. Faxon marks all his tests while reading the morning paper, cranking his car, or listening to declamation. "I like to have the boys look over their papers to see if they are marked correctly," he says. Mr. Gardner objects strenuously to having the boys study anything but Latin or Greek in his classes, but approves very strongly of their studying those subjects in all their other classes. It is estimated that if one boy did completely the home lessons assigned for one night to the whole of the Latin School, it would take him 73 years working eight hours a day. If he did the work as thoroughly as it is done usually, it would take only 71 years. Adding the hours of study put in by all the members of Class I, we find about 50 years of work each night. Looks like Class I does most of the work. It is estimated that an average of .41937 of Class I does the physics homework each night. (I wonder how the other half lives?). The chances of getting caught whispering are not high, as shown by a recent survey of the misdemeanor mark situation. In comparison with other years, conditions are more favorable. The reason for this extraordinary condition seems to be not that "crime" in the School has decreased, but that the teachers are becoming more sympathetic. (God forbid!) It has been decided, but not announced, that the class banquet is really going to be held at Cocoanut Grove. During the history of public declamation, the piece "Speech of Spartacus to the Romans" has been spoken 17,542 times. In 1927 the *Register* published eighteen love stories, ten gangster stories, and twelve murder mysteries. Better look over some of the old numbers. Mr. Shea gave up some very important research work on *light* with Professor Michelson in order to come to the Latin School, where he can draw pictures in colored chalk.—On the side Mr. Shea is an ardent ping-pong player, though he won't admit it. Not long ago, Mr. Hobbs wished to illustrate forcefully how the word "more" can be used as an adjective. In characteristic manner he fired out at his class, "More money, more girls, more fun." Leave it to our English department to be original. Mr. Drummey has recently been announcing at Station KGO, Oakland, California. His practice in announcing names for detention and conducting Latin classes has given him a good "radio" voice. Mr. Dunn is now engaged in compiling a complete list of rules for the school. Mr. Cray has been of the most assistance to him in discovering reasons for giving misdemeanor marks. Thus far there are only 957 rules. Harold Banks uses "Dubble-bubble" shaving cream—once a month. O'Gorman once actually did a "math" home lesson, and on that day Mr. Faxon didn't collect the papers! Wilfred Kaplan spends only ten minutes on his Latin each night. Portnoy told his interviewers that it doesn't really take much perseverance to become a declaimer. "I owe my success to getting all my lessons done on the night before they are due, instead of doing them in study periods like you do, you little old interviewers, you. That gives me peace of mind, so essential to the good declaiming. Besides, I smoke 'Duckies'—outside the school limits, of course." It has been found that when the average Class I boy is

asked, "Have you got the physics?" he replies nine times out of ten: "I don't know whether my examples are right, but you can have them." The tenth time he says: "Ask me another."

[NOTE: Did you know that the above statements are the truth? Neither did we.]

Richard Odiorne.



YE BALLADE OF YE GAYME

SIDNEY ROSEN, '32

(While digging among the sage-brush of our backyard Nevadian plateau, one of the drillers found, imbedded in the earth, an ancient, yellow manuscript. Some unknown intuition made him toss it in at the window of the *Sanctum*, and it fell into the wastebasket. As I pawed among the orange-peels and banana-skins (no eating allowed in the *Sanctum*), it caught my eye, and I abstracted it. It proved to be an unheard-of poem of that great English poet, Hawser, in the original handwriting. After deciphering it during the Latin, Math, and Physics periods, I decided to set it forth before the eyes of the world in print. I believe that "Casey at the Bat" is a direct descendant of this ancient masterpiece.—S. R.)

A gudely mobbe of fannes was theyre, and britely gleemed ye sunne,
Ye dymond combed and curryed clene and reddy for ye funne;
Ye trumpeyts blew, ye kinge arose, and wilde was ye acclaime;
With bothe firme handes he rayased and threw ye firste balle of ye gayme.

(NOTE: Here, by fervent request of the editors, I omit 39 stanzas describing the 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th, and 6th innings; also I omit 29 other stanzas, describing the 7th and half of the eighth.)

Ye score stude siks to naughtthing, with Camaylot in leede,
Ye Knights of Johnne were losyng, and ille it fayred indeede;
Ye aythe innyng approché and uppe they were to batte,
Sir Galahadde was at ye playte, and on his handes he spatte;
He pikked a clubbe of gude elm-woode, ye kynde that alle menne lyke,
And with a whyzze ye balle cayme bie, then cawled ye umpyre, "Stryke!"
A gudely knight was Galahadde, who bore no insulte wonce,
And so, upon ye umpyre's hed his stoutten batte did bonce.
Ye umpyre was myty sore and swyft he rose to fyghte,
Ille wude then Galahadde have fayred, with no wepponne in syte.
His brodsorde grayte ye umpyre drew, butte ere he blud cude shed
"Fowle plaie!" ye howlyng mobbe decayred. "We wishe a joust, instedde!"
Too nobel stedes were reddy mayde, and armore brot for bothe,
But to wayre the heavy steele. Sir Galahadde was lothe.
"Ods bodkins, Syres!" he cryed alowde. "I nede no metalle veste!
With butte my jerkyn rownd my wayste this scoundral I can beste!"
And so ye bayeses were remooved and emty was ye feelde—
Ye umpyre was cladde in steele, and Galle had butte a sheelde.
Theyre lances gleemed as they advansed and fyre was in theyre eys,
And forwarde strayte ye umpyre charged, but Galahadde was wyse,
His nobel stede he forsed asyde and lette ye ump tayre bie,
And then his lanse Sir Gally herled, whitch throu ayre did flie.

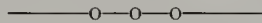
Ye umpyre turnd, butte juste to layte, and he recevede ye blowe,
 And throu his rybs and beetyng harte ye flieying lanse did goe;
 He brethede his laste, and Galahadde rode forth to cryes and cheres,
 And at ye vilagge inne, ye peeple treted him to beres.
 Ye bodie of ye umpyre was internned at Poterres Feelde.

ENVOI

A myty manne was Galahadde, who swungge a myty batte,
 And he despysed ye umpyre, who was a lowsey ratte.
 So warnnyng tayke, alle umpyres, frome this rongdooer's falle—
 Wenne ever Galahadde is uppe, ye onlie worde is, "BALLE!"

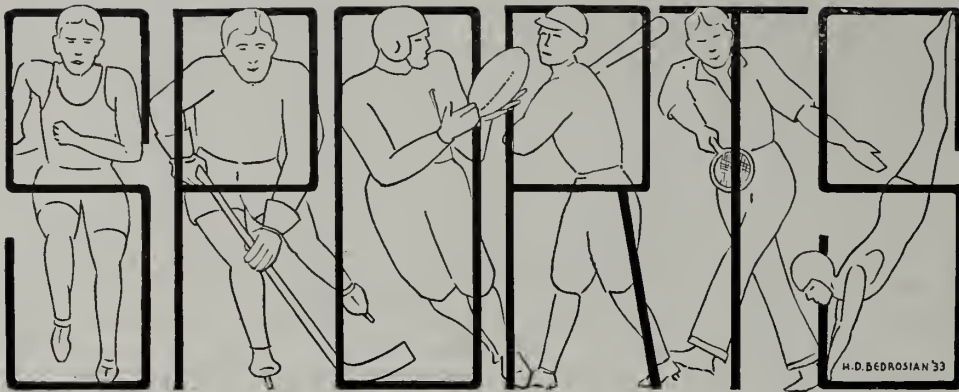
Ye Ende

And on theyre sholders he was raysed—ye cherch-belles lowdley peeled—

**A LAY OF ANCIENT ROME**

(With apologies to Thomas Ybarra)

Oh! the Roman was a rogue,
 He erat, was, you bettum;
 He ran his automobilis
 And smoked his cigarettum;
 He wore a diamond studibus,
 An elegant cravattum,
 A maxima cum laude shirt,
 And SUCH a stylish hattum!
 He loved the luscious hic-haec-hock,
 And bet on games and equi;
 At times he won; at others, though,
 He got it in the nequi;
 He winked (quo usque tandem?)
 At puellas on the Forum,
 And sometimes even made
 Those goo-goo oculorum!
 He frequently was seen
 At combats gladiatorial,
 And ate enough to feed
 Ten boarders at Memorial;
 He often went on sprees
 And said, on starting homus,
 "Hic labor—opus est,
 Oh, where's my hic—hic—domus?"
 Although he lived in Rome—
 Of all the arts the middle—
 He was (excuse the phrase)
 A horrid individ'l;
 Ah! what a diff'rent thing
 Was the homo (dative, Hominy)
 Of far-away B. C.
 From us of Anno Domini.



DANGER R. R.

Rail-road crossing? . . . No! Raving Reporter? . . . No! It is none other than the much-heralded Register Rasslers, which were at last presented to the wrestling fans of the Boston Latin School under the more or less skillful management of "Cowboy" (at least he thinks he is) Harris in the Boston Opera House, Huntington Avenue, Boston, on the evening of Friday, April 1, 1932. This new galaxy of stars which has but recently appeared above the horizon of the sporting world includes such talent as "Sailor" Rosen, "Killer" Reznick, "Ambition" Spelfogel, "Pansy" Gray, "Tuffy" Freedberg, "The Great" O'Gorman, and last but by no means, Mr. Zilejh, the least, "Willy" Kaplan.

Manager Lee Barrooooook Harris was fortunate enough to secure the services of the Formidable Faculty Flingers to support the card for the first appearance of the Register Rasslers in this fair City of Bawston. Seating arrangements were in charge of the House Committee (Parietal Committee to you, Mr. Winslow) which was headed by Messrs. Margolis and Portmoy, ably assisted and abetted by Doorman Jacob Patt; and it is but just to say that the unstinted co-operation of these gentlemen did much to insure the success of this event which will, we are sanguine enough to believe,

will go down as an epic in the varied and checkered history of the manly art of wrestling.

Festivities got under way when "Floyd" Gibbons White formally introduced the Register Rasslers into professional competition here with a *few* well-chosen words of welcome. He also took it upon himself to speak a word of greeting—in his own inimitable manner—to a few of the notables who had been fortunate enough to secure ring-side seats, and in this manner yours truly discovered that we had with us J. Harvey McInerney, Governor of the Commonwealth; Hizzoner "Kid" Rosenbloom; "Pinty" Pogatch, Head of the Good Government Association and Vice-Chairman of the Watch and Ward Society; and "Fair-play" Marson, Chairman of the American Olympics. And now after several telegrams of congratulations, among them one from President Will Rogers and Vice-President Walter Winchell, were read, Addlesom grabbed the "mike" and proceeded to announce the first mix-up of the evening.

As the lights dimmed and then concentrated on the ring, which for some reason unknown to your correspondent is square, the first bout, between The Little Giant and an unknown who was supposed by some to have come from

Chelsea started. The Little Giant presented a figure familiar to a great many Latinites—rather under the average height, he made up for what he lacked in stature in weight and in agility of motion. But the Masked Marvel, on the other hand, had concealed his identity under as dark a pall of mystery as that with which the Register's Raving Reporter is enveloped. He was tall, almost to the point of becoming gigantic, being 6' 3" in height, large boned, gaunt, with a face that had often been exposed to the merciless heat of the tropical sun. The skin on his face was tight-drawn and his high cheek bones were a very noticeable feature, his head was covered with hair that must once have been a becoming sandy colour but was now rapidly growing dark and thinning out. Such was the Little Giant's opponent and, as yet, we have not the slightest inkling of a suspicion as to whom it might possibly have been.

Referee Winburn Scott Cannell gave the usual instructions and then the bell rang. For nearly ten minutes—the fight was to last twelve—it seemed as though the only step that the gentlemen in the ring knew was a dreamy waltz, and they totally disregarded the most explicit instruction of the Referee about cheek to cheek dancing. The crowd booed lustily and with their booing came signs of life. Suddenly the M. M. (Masked Marvel) gave a low moan and reaching out towards the Little Giant, he tried some Jack Washburn tactics on him. Again and again he flung his long-suffering opponent to the mat, but was each time unsuccessful in his attempt to pin the Little Giant's shoulders thereto. It looked as though the bout might go to a decision when the until now torpid Giant rose to his full height and, grabbing his unfortunate victim by the neck, he whirled him around his head three times

and then crashed him soundly to the floor. The rest was but the matter of a moment for the M. M. did not choose to rise and the Little Giant pinned his shoulders to the mat and the umpire, we mean the referee, raised the winner's right hand in token of victory.

A long sustained wave of applause greeted the bows of the Little Giant, but in the midst of the huzzahs that rose from the throats of the crowd that had seen its idol win once more, a harsh, interrupting, discordant, not to say querulous voice broke through the din, clamoring to be heard: "It's in the bag, it's in the bag. Hemmer! Hedger! Hawer! Take 'em away!" Reporters Banks and Odiorne of the "Daily Bungle" rushed over to interview the belligerent who seemed to be much disgruntled over the outcome of the first match. He declined to give his name, but invited the interviewers to sit down and light up a La Palina, inquiring meanwhile in a voice that could only have been equaled by Trojan Hector, "What is this, anyway—an auction sale?"

All the shouting, turmoil, confusion, discord, and chaos that had arose over this little dissertation having at last quieted down, Master of Ceremonies "Oscar" Peltz appeared with still more telegrams of congratulation—this time from "Torchy" Dunn, Direktor der Institut der Polytechnic von Auslander im Berlin, who sent his profound regrets at his inability to be present but stated that he had been detained by a lecture on "The Atom, Retrospherically Speaking", and "Ike" Sheehan, Exchange Professor at Simmons College, who was conspicuous—as he usually isn't—by his absence, since he was touring Egypt lecturing to the mummies in Sanscrit on "Over-emphasis of Athletics among the Greeks of Homer's Time."

But when time for the next bout had

arrived, it was discovered that a fight had started between the Register Rasslers and the Faculty Flingers, which had been caused by a disagreement resulting from the decision in the first bout and that the brawlers had been taken to the Police Station and had been incarcerated therein without bail for "conduct unbecoming a gentleman" and for disturbing the sleep of the time keeper.

However, in order that the customers might not be turned away dissatisfied, the management decided that the most efficacious solution would be to put on an exhibition bout between the only two remaining fighters, who had not become entangled in the free-for all for reasons of their own; Kaplan, because he had no desire to become embroiled in a futile brawl over a silly thing like that, for what is infinity, anyway?, and O'Gorman, because he was doing his Greek home-lesson and was so engrossed that he didn't wake up.

Again the Referee performed his duties, rather perfunctorily to be sure, and again the lights were dimmed. From one corner came O'Gorman, making horrible faces in an inadvised attempt to scare Kaplan into submission. Not to be out done in any show of contortionistic ability, forth from his corner came Kaplan, his face warped into a leering resemblance of a smile, "*Esel*", he hissed, "*Dummkopf!*", he bellowed. "Pansy", roared O'Gorman in his most dulcet tone of voice, "*Lump, frech, Spitzboob, unerzogen!* You say that all space is curved;

well, this is going to be a swell opportunity for you to ascertain the truth of that statement through your own painful, personal experience." "Aw, nerts", replied Willy, "Come on, you big oaf; let's see some action!" And with that they grappled. Never in the history of the wrestling world had such unethical fighting been seen. They bit each other's ear; they endeavoured in a thousand separate and different ways to blind and maim one another for life; they tossed three referees, who tried to stop the fight, out of the ring; and they thoroughly enjoyed themselves in every way. Pandemonium reigned, and all restraint was thrown to the winds as the house went wild, everybody taking sides in the terrific struggle that was going on before their eyes.

At last, O'Gorman got a lucky hold on Kaplan's forelock; and after enjoying himself for a time in torturing "Willy" by pulling his hair, true to his promise, he swung him round and round his head and then catapulted him through the air. Soaring Kaplan went toward the second balcony, until we were reminded of Lewis Carroll's little poem that goes:—

"Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are—
Up above the world so high;
Like a tea tray in the sky."

then, like a boomerang, he turned in his orbit and headed directly for the ring-side seat, which your correspondent and his typewriter were occupying. Nearer he came; nearer, nearer, still nearer, and . . .

J. R.



WUT JED ROTE TER HANK

My deer hank:

yoo no me ter bee a very Plasid Feller, but uv corse i yam also ekstrordinarely eksiteable wen the akasion demands, & sich an akasion arrived tiday & wuz i erstonishided? iwuz amboolaterin along the avenoo bout 4 bells (az they say heer) wen al uv er suden be4 yoo cud say "heer cum the revenooers" i heerd sum terific noyses & sownds & bellerins fit ter scare evin uncel jorje hoo it aint ezacly eazy ter scare. theez Noyses cum frum a cercular edifs cros the avenoo & so i went over thare & a jung feller tolled me it wuz a baseball game & i bot a tiket frum a jent ater i ast him ef i cud git inside 'thowt Payin & hee sed no but yoo kin pay 'thowt goin in. Akordinly i entered & i seed an lot uv younkens in purpul & wite arunnin round the dimond & chasin eech-Uther til i thot theyed comit murdur in the 33rd diegree but a frendly feller with an large smile in-formd mee thet et wuz only a peasful context tween latin scool & trade scool & thet latin scool Wuz awinnin & heed tel mee the skore soon az the cum-ter-meet-her added up al the runs. I ast him hoo hee wuz & wut wuz a cum-ter-meet-her & he sed hee wuz cHArles F. (fer francis) Fitzgerald, ThEE latin cohch & et Wuznt a cometomeether but an comptometer wich wuz a mashine hoo added enormus figgers & wuz VERy add-vantageus wen ever the latin scool baseball teem enjoyed the national past-time.

@ter the game wuz over cohch Gitzferald interdoosed me ter the capten hoos name iz specs kelly & hoo driv 4 runz cross the plate be4 the revenooers—i meen the trade scool fellers—cud ketch holt uv the pill. another younker bi the name uv sheehan with a shilalah fer a weepoon helpt brake up the meetin bi nokin the cuver offen the ball with the ade uv the star fust baseman hoos moniker iz tomas Bilodeau. theez boyz cozzed al the showtin & the gruntz wuz cozzed bi pitcher Sieve hoo maid the uther batters fan holz in the atmosfeer.

Wen i bid the boys a Fond adoo they giv me a little suveneer ter read (i kin) wile i wuz arideing the steam-trane bak ter kentuck. it runz somethin like this: like this:

BOX SCORE

BOSTON LATIN					BOSTON TRADE				
	ab	bh	po	a		ab	bh	po	a
Bouchie, 3b.	4	1	1	3	L. Coffey, cf.	4	2	1	0
Kelly, rf., 2b	4	2	1	2	Hoar, lb. . . .	4	2	12	0
Sheehan, cf..	4	2	1	0	Kelly, rf. . . .	3	1	1	0
Bilodeau, lb..	4	3	11	0	Baylor, 2b. . .	4	1	4	4
Goode, lf. . . .	4	1	2	0	Zam'chi, 3b..	2	0	1	1
Connelly, lf..	1	0	0	0	King, 3b. . . .	1	0	0	0
Sharkey, ss..	3	1	2	4	Zable, ss. . . .	2	0	2	3
Callahan, ss..	1	0	0	0	Bianchi, c. . .	4	1	2	3
McL'hlin, ss.	1	0	0	0	E. Coffey, lf.	2	0	0	0
Roche, 2b. . .	2	0	3	2	Doherty, lf. .	2	1	1	0
Ryan, c. . . .	4	1	5	2	Laucha p. . .	3	0	0	3
Sieve, p. . . .	3	1	1	0	Runge, p. . .	1	0	0	0
Davis, p. . . .	0	0	0	0	Totals . . .	32	8	24	14
Totals . . .	35	12	27	13					
Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Latin	3	0	2	0	3	0	6	1	—15
Trade	3	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	—4

Errors—Laucha, Bianchi 3, Hoar, Zammarchi. Ring, Kelly, Sheehan, Sharkey, Ryan. Two base hits—Kelly, Bilodeau, Goode, Bianchi. First base on balls—Off Sieve 2, off Laucha, off Runge. Struck out—By Sieve 2, by Laucha, by Runge.

THE NORWOOD GAME

As a Minister of the Gospel Would
Have Seen It

A very inspiring baseball meeting was held at the Norwood Revival Grounds on the afternoon of April 23, affording comfort to a congregation of fully 79 souls. Brother Bouchie, of the Latin School class, first wielded the rod, even as did Moses at the rock of waters, and smiting the ball with prodigious strength was richly blessed with three bases. During the latter part of the meeting, he again smote the ball, yea, even as did Samson smite the Philistines with the jawbone of an ass. At critical points certain of our brothers, like Jacob, they wrestled, and like Nathan they fell, for their adversaries were plenteous, and their wisdom like unto that of the ser-

pent; for when they smote the ball so that it soared, they that were Philistines did congregate around about so that the ball might not escape them, and did hold forth their hands, until their fingers seized the ball and would have borne it away in triumph.

But nay; it was not to be. For they that were of the Latin School did smite like the Lord with the thunderbolt and made scores until they were blessed with success. During this meeting, Brother Sheehan experienced a change of bases, whereat there was great rejoicing, mingled with lamentation and rending of garments among the disciples of the conflicting tribes.

BOX SCORE

BOSTON LATIN					NORWOOD				
	ab	bh	po	a		ab	bh	po	a
Bouchie, 3b.....	5	3	3	6	Connolly, rf.....	5	2	1	0
Kelly, 2b.....	5	1	1	2	McTernan, 2b.....	5	2	3	0
Sheehan, cf.....	5	2	2	0	Feeney, cf.....	3	0	1	2
Bilodeau, 1b.....	5	1	12	0	Sustavige, c.....	5	1	5	2
Goode, lf.....	3	1	0	0	Smelstor, 3b.....	5	2	1	5
Sharkey, ss.....	3	0	3	4	Thornton, ss.....	5	2	1	2
Brabazon, rf.....	3	1	0	0	Flaherty, lf.....	4	0	3	0
Ryan, c.....	4	0	6	1	Stanton, 1b.....	3	1	11	2
Mahoney, p.....	4	0	0	3	Suomi, p.....	2	0	0	1
					Danielson, cf.....	0	0	0	1
Totals	37	9	27	16	Totals	37	10	26	15

Innings 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9
 Boston Latin... 1 0 0 0 1 0 0 2 1—5
 Norwood 0 0 1 0 1 1 0 0 0—3
 Two-base hits, McTernan, Bouchie,
 Kelly. Three-base hits, Bouchie. Stolen
 bases, Feeney, Stanton, Sheehan. First
 base on balls, off Suomi, off Mahoney 4.
 Struck out, by Suomi 4, by Mahoney 6,
 by Feeney. Umpire, Kelley.

BROOKLINE AND BASEBALL

On April 25 our mighty "kings of swat" made their annual visit to Brookline for a baseball game. By the time the game was over, we weren't sure from the way the score read, whether it was a football game or an outdoor track meet. Most of the time our fellows were running in and out—and then around the bases—of course they were polite about it and took turns.

Davis, rather pale and nervous, started on the mound for us, and by the way he acted, we thought he was covered with goose-flesh and was scared cold. However, when he saw a Brookline man perched on third, he began to get all hot and bothered. Captain Kelly and Bilodeau assured him nevertheless, that they were in the game too, and were ready to help him; so he allowed his mates to pull him out, with the result that the baserunner died a lingering death just where he was.

In the second inning, Latin started some fireworks when "Tash" Goode grinned at the young shortstop fielding his weak hit, thus scaring the kid, who dropped the ball, and reached first. Brookline contested the decision; and we suppose that the argument was that they contracted to play humans, not a Frankenstein All Star Nine. After this event Sharkey and Ryan, he of the lumbering framework, pasted the ball successfully, scoring two runs. Having set this worthy example, they bade Brookline duplicate it.

The Towners had no luck, though, for "Ike" Sheehan, the galloping ghost, kept running around to keep warm and incidentally attempting to see how many balls he could smear. Davis also kept humming to himself and the batter: "Fan mah brow, fan mah brow", and the obliging chaps raised a considerable current of air.

Along in the fifth, "Hank" Bouchie,

better known as the dying Gaul, hit the apple viciously towards short, and before the fellow could recover from the shock, was reposing safely on first. Then up to the pan strode half-pint "Specs" Kelly, alias "The Masked Marvel." This "Specs" spat saliva, socked the sphere, and steamed to second. Sheehan then hypnotized the ball, so that it slowly rolled toward third base and Bouchie streaked home.

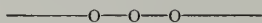
By the time the sixth stanza came around, Brookline had taken to the air and was lost in a fog, Bilodeau mowed down some pansies with a mighty swat in to the center garden and proceeded to mystify the Brookline catcher by leaving first and then suddenly reappearing on third. Grinning Goode, the bad man, bingled, sending in Bilodeau. Brabazon bunted, breezing to the base on a Brookline bungle. After some three or four errors, the Brookline catcher got hot under the collar and tossed the ball over the third sackers head into left field, while Davis and Bouchie amiably ambled home. Down went a goose egg for the Brooklinites and up went four chalkers for the Latinites in the bewildered scorer's book.

Things went along pretty evenly thereafter, for the rich-town boys learned the full import of the saying, "Only by mistakes do we learn—how to take more." Exhausted from runs, hits, and errors, we had to stop keeping score, for we had only ten fingers and it was too cold to become a barefoot boy.

In the eighth inning, came the climax of the track meet, when a bat mysteriously floated up to the plate and waved back and forth ominously. The opposing pitcher wiped his eyes and looked to see what was in back of it. Finally he discovered "Simple" Simon. Well, that was too much for the human imitation of the "Empire State Build-

ing" who served as relief pitcher for Brookline. Thinking the batter was under five he gave him a free ticket to first. Simon, the ingrate, not only went to first, but visited all the other points of interest finally coming home again. This ended the scoring. With two out,

none on, in the last half of the ninth, and the score 0 to 12, the last Brookline batter was urged by his supporters to "break up the ball game." Ingloriously he fanned, precluding all chances of wiping out the slender twelve-run margin.



MILTONIA DELEND A EST

(A One-Act Comedy by Plutarch
O'Hoolihan)

DRAMATIS PERSONAE:

Josephus Caesar Kelly—2b., & capt.

Hank Cato Bouchie—3b.

Marcus Antonius Ike Sheehan—c.f.

Octavius Bilodeau—A-NO. I-1b.

Trebonius Goode—l.f.

Tomasso Cicero Sharkey—s.s.

Artemidorus Brabizon—r.f.

Immovabilis Lepidus Ryan—c.

Scipio Mahoney—p. (pro bona scholae
publicae Latinae)

SCENE I

The stalwart warriors of Schola Bostoniensis Latina leap into their war-chariots (one jitney bus) and proceed to the battlefield near Milton. As they dash madly along to combat, Hank Cato Bouchie exclaims in manner fierce and frenzied, "*Miltonia delenda est.*" "You don't tell me?" rejoins one Scipio Mahoney. "I'll see to that."

SCENE II

Arriving at the scene of operations, they perceive the worthy objects of their quest, and their thirst for blood is aroused. They immediately engage in battle, and two runs are scored, as J. Caesar Kelly, Octavius Bilodeau, and Trebonius Goode swing their bludgeons and roam through the enemy's territory.

SCENE III

We are now in the midst of a raging snowstorm, good football weather, the third inning, and a fusilade of battle-

cries. "*Miltonia delenda est,*" shrieks Hank Cato Bouchie. "Don't worry; I have the situation well under control," calmly rejoins Scipio Mahoney, peering through his snow-covered specs and the dust of battle. Then up steps mighty Octavius Bilodeau and clouts lustily at a whizzing missile. In the van with him are Trebonius Goode, Tomasso Cicero Sharkey, and Immovabilis Lepidus Ryan. The Latin host swarms across canvas bags and tramples upon the rubber plate, which by this time clearly exhibits the scars of *pugna horrenda*, inflicted by the tread of many "clouted shoon."

SCENE IV

But all is not well. *Nimbi ingentes*, stern and forbidding, gather on the far-flung horizon. Blinded by the violent sleet-laden gale, Tomasso Cicero Sharkey line-drives into a triple play. "Never say die," exhorts Josephus Caesar Kelly, in command of the tenth legion.—"Remember," quotes Hank Cato Bouchie, twirling a shilalah, "*Miltonia delenda est.*"—"Well, let's do it now," chirps Scipio Mahoney.—"*Allons, enfants de l'ecole latine de Boston,*" chants Octavius Bilodeau. Our valiant Latin School warriors gird their loins and rush into the fray.

SCENE V

Artemidorus Brabizon, eagle-winged right-fielder, extends a long and sinewy

arm and nails a Miltonite, *venant comme le vent*, as he slides into the bag. Im-movabilis Lepidus Ryan cocks an eagle eye and scowls grimly as he pegs the would-be occupants of the keystone sack. "*Miltonia delebitur*," he growls ferociously. Marcus Antonius Ike Sheehan and Trebonius Goode prance eagerly about the outfield in pursuit of flies and other insects. As Miltonia rushes in her shock troops, Hank Cato Bouchie opens his jaws, expands his lungs, and roars in a stentorian tone, "MILTONIA DE-LEND A EST," and adds, as he sinks down upon the bench, "an' purty dern quick, too." Thoroughly aroused by this outburst, with eyes shining, hair bristling, feet stamping, teeth champing, bludgeons battering, hearts hammering, etc., etc., Trebonius Goode, Tomasso Cicero Sharkey, Artemidorus Brabazon, and star battery Im-movabilis Lepidus

Ryan and Scipio Mahoney prepare for a final charge. They leap forward and swarm all over the heights of Miltonia, scoring two more runs for alma mater laeta.

SCENE VI

After removing the grime of battle, Latin's victorious legion embarks in its garland-bedecked chariots (one jitney bus) for the triumphful ride along Via Appia while Leonidas Baruch Harris, *defessus* from his managerial duties, speeds on in advance with a motorcycle escort, chanting the while:

"Ho, lictors, sound the war note;
Triumvirs, clear the way;
Our great victorious ball team
Arrives home from the fray."

Imperator Josephus Caesar Kelly orders the following notice to be printed all over town:

BOX SCORE

BOSTON LATIN					MILTON ACADEMY				
	ab	bh	po	a		ab	bh	po	a
Bouchie, 3b.....	5	2	4	3	Hardwick, cf.....	3	0	1	0
Kelly, 2b.....	4	1	3	3	D. Currier, ss.....	4	1	3	1
Sheehan, cf.....	4	1	1	0	Reyse, c.....	3	0	5	3
Bilodeau, 1b.....	4	3	9	1	Wendell, 3b.....	2	0	5	3
Goode, lf.....	2	2	1	0	E. Currier, 1b.....	4	1	9	1
Sharkey, ss.....	2	0	2	2	Roberts, 2b.....	4	1	3	2
Brabazon, rf.....	4	0	0	1	Brigham, rf.....	4	0	1	0
Ryan, c.....	4	1	7	2	*Lesourd	1	0	0	0
Mahoney, p.....	3	0	0	1	Quinby, lf.....	3	1	0	0
	—	—	—	—	Stone, p.....	3	1	0	3
Totals	32	10	27	13	Totals	31	5	27	13
Innings 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9									
Latin 2 0 0 2 1 0 0 2 0—7									
Milton 0 0 0 0 0 2 0 0 0—2									

Runs, Sharkey 2, Bilodeau 2, Kelly, Sheehan, Goode, Wendell, E. Currier. Errors, Wendell, Sharkey, Ryan. Three-base hits, Kelly, E. Currier. Stolen bases, Bilodeau 3, Goode, Wendell. Sacrifice hit, Kelly. Base on balls, by Mahoney 4, by Stone 5. Struck out, by

Mahoney 7, by Stone 3. Double plays, Bilodeau and Kelly; Stone, E. Currier and Keyse. Triple play, D. Currier, Roberts, and E. Currier. Hit by pitched ball, by Stone, Mahoney. Time, 2h 10m. Umpire, O'Connor.

*Batted for Brigham in ninth.

Omnes Rideamus

FROM THE DES MOINES REGISTER

Aida Marroquin, hailed as the prettiest girl student in Guatemala City, caused many a male heart to jump aboard the liner "Santa Cecilia."

"I am sorry", said the dentist, "but you cannot have an appointment with me this afternoon. I have eighteen cavities to fill." And he picked up his golf-bag and went out.

* * *

BEDARNED IF WE BEKNOW—
If Bess bedecks herself with gems, bestirs
herself when bid,
And feels benumbed when very cold, be-
wails her lot when chid,
Why shouldn't she bedress herself with
garments and befed
Herself with food and feel beglad a nice
book to bеред?

* * *

If they tear a hunter through, if they
tear through a hunter, if they tear
through a hunt and a hunter, if they tear
through the different sizes of the six, the
different sizes of the six which are these,
a woman with a white package under one
arm . . . the second Saint Joseph, the
third a hunter in a blue coat and black
garters and a plaid cap, a fourth a knife
grinder who is full faced and a very little
woman with black hair and a yellow hat
and an excellently smiling appropriate
soldier. All these as you please.

In the meantime example of the same
lily. In this way please have you rung.
*A Valentine to Sherwood Anderson from
Gertrude Stein.*

FROM THE WINSTED JOURNAL

The regular meeting of the Woman's Relief Corps was held in Union Hall last evening. Due to sickness and other attractions, there was only a small attendance.

* * *

The editors were arguing in the Sanctum. Said one, "Do you know that it is impossible to draw the complete Cliquot Club bottle?"

"How's that?" asked a cynical Class II Editor, raising his head from his broom.

"Well, you draw the eskimo, then the bottle, with a label showing an eskimo holding a bottle with a label showing an eskimo holding—"

"Stop! Enough! We see!" said one. Then the art department, and the "Do you know" department clustered around and puzzled.

"Ha-ha! I have solved it!" cried the editor-in-chief. ("Another good original gone wrong", muttered the managing editor). "I have it, I tell you."

"Well, what is it?" sneered the advertising manager.

"It is really so simple. At about the fourth label in, you turn the bottle around so that there is no more trouble. Do you see?" Cheers from the staff.

"You fool!" cried the advertising manager, "Do you call that advertising?"

* * *

"To cure your cold, put a little menthol in your nose, and then rub it on your chest."—*Advice of a "radio doctor."*

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Till I get up to the tall topmast
To see if I can spy ’ ”*

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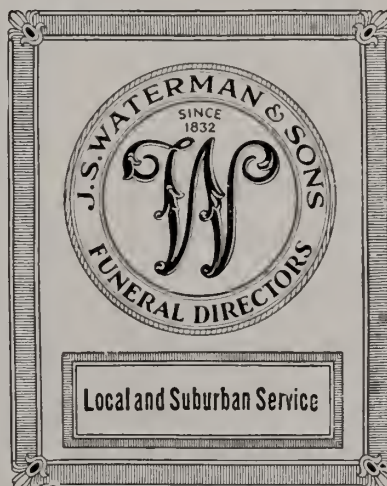
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